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Engraved from a portrait in the London Illustrated News.

CHARLES GEORGE GORDON,

A Nineteenth Century Worthy

OF THE

ENGLISH CHURCH.

A Biographical Sketch.

BY

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"The Saints shine like a river of stars,
Athwart the Church's firmament."—*Farrar.*

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TO

THE RIGHT REVEREND

EDWARD RANDOLPH WELLES, S. T. D.,

BISHOP OF MILWAUKEE,

This Memoir,

PRINTED AT HIS SUGGESTION,

IS

WITH MOST FILIAL LOVE AND RESPECT

DEDICATED.

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PREFACE.

THIS little contribution to General Gordon's precious memory was not prepared for publication. It was drawn up to be read before a Parochial Guild. It so happened that it was, however, in the first place read before the Clericus of Milwaukee. It met with so kindly a reception and with so unexpected a request for publication, that notwithstanding its brevity, and from that fact, if from no other, its unsatisfactoriness as a complete portraiture of its great subject, it is gladly given for whatever uses it may serve. It is a very unpretending attempt at a portraiture of the man: nothing else. The military and political career of General Gordon has been, in the compiler's mind, quite secondary to his extraordinary character, which was knightly, heroic and saintly. It may be said respecting his saintliness, as Dr. Mahan has said of that of S. Cyprian, another African Saint and Martyr: "His saintliness was of no artificial or conventional type. It was the consecration of a firm will, manly instincts, magnanimous disposition, and of a mind politic and sagacious, as it was earnest and intrepid." There were,

indeed, features of Gordon's character and life which assimilate him to the great family of the Canonized Saints, and betray a share of their specific quality. But he was, nevertheless, a new and unique manifestation of divine grace and power: as, indeed, all great Saints have been. Canon Paget has said: "It is the privilege of saintliness to surprise us with a fresh illustration of primary graces." This is Gordon's great charm, and his especial value. He illustrates a new form of the divine life, suited to our day, and to the circumstances of its busy, hot and hurried peculiarities.

One cannot but feel how imperfect any mere sketch is of so unique and many-sided a man. To know him thoroughly, one must read all that has been written about him. The writer of this memoir has availed himself of both thought and language of several of Gordon's biographers. He has taken both briefly and at large from their very words, in order that the story may be as well told as possible within the limitations determined upon for this sketch. The authorities quoted are, in the main: "The Story of Chinese Gordon," by A. Egmont Hake; "Three Martyrs of the Nineteenth Century," by the author of "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family;" "General Gordon, the Christian Hero," by the author of "New World Heroes;" "Charles George Gordon: A Sketch," by Reginald H. Barnes,

Vicar of Heavitree, and Charles E. Brown, Major R. A.; and "Reflections in Palestine, 1883," by Charles George Gordon. Much valuable information has been derived from an article entitled "Gordon at Gravesend: a Personal Reminiscence," by Arthur Stannard, and published in the April number of the *Nineteenth Century*, 1885; also from an article in the *Fortnightly Review*, of July, 1884, by W. H. Mallock, and entitled, "A Message from General Gordon. Edited from unpublished papers."

Dr. Birbeck Hill's "Colonel Gordon in Central Africa;" Gordon's "Journals at Khartoum," and Sir Henry Gordon's "Events in the Life of Charles George Gordon," will also be found full of valuable matter.

It is greatly to be hoped that eventually a thorough and complete life of Gordon will be given to the world, which shall contain a history of the beginning, no less than of the aftergrowth of his religious career. So great a soul as he is a gift of God to the world: and any detail of so great a life of grace as his, will not be without value and consequence.

Gordon's Prayer and his Motto have been given as an Appendix, together with some of his less well-known maxims and sayings. The Prayer will not be without its helpfulness to many souls, full though it be of the seemingly exaggerated humility and self-accusation of the Saints. The Motto will be felt to be very characteristic.

This little sketch is now gratefully sent on its way to do what little service it may be called to. The knowledge of the life of this great soul, fitly termed by the Arabs themselves the "magnanimous," has been and is not only an "education," but an inspiration. May it stimulate many perceiving and receptive souls to lives of generous emulation of Gordon's chivalrous and manly devotion to God and men.

The writer desires to express his thanks to Oliver Matson, B. A., of Nashotah House, for assisting in the preparation of this manuscript for the press.

T. M. R.

Nashotah House, 26 January, 1888.
Dies Natalis C. G. G.

I.

An Uncanonized Saint of the Church of England.

CHARLES GEORGE GORDON;

A Nineteenth Century Worthy of the English Church.

I.

AN UNCANONIZED SAINT OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

IT is said that whenever men come into the presence of the Apollo Belvedere, they are observed to straighten themselves up to their best and highest proportions. A life of beauty and grandeur has a similar influence upon men. Its contemplation compels to admiration and emulation. For this reason it is that the world celebrates its heroes, and the Church her Saints. Great men in every department of life are worthy of remembrance; great Saints are worthy of the canonization they

receive, whether it be formal or informal. The higher the type of man, the higher the qualities he represents, the higher the aims and ends his life is devoted to, the more lofty should be the altitude to which his memory is elevated.

The subject of this paper was one of earth's great men, and at the same time one of the Church's Saints. "Saint" and "Hero" the late Bishop Wordsworth, of Lincoln, called him; while a distinguished author has lately remarked of him: "It is not one of the 'little hills,' it is one of the 'mountains of God' that has been close to us." Had he lived in the times of the Crusades he would doubtless ere this have been canonized; had he lived or died in the Greek or Latin Communions in our own day, he sooner or later would have been enrolled among the beatified souls whom the Church delights to honour. As things are, he lived and died in the Church of England, which unhappily, in my judgment, has ceased to canonize her great children, except so far as the popular mind confers that honour. Canonization in its true idea is simply enrollment on the

list of eminently holy souls whom the Church has deemed fit to be set forth as examples to their fellow men. In the early Church popular veneration first assigned a place among the Saints to persons of transcendent and heroic piety; then the Bishop of the Diocese performed in time the act of enrollment or canonization, sanctioning with the supreme authority of the Diocese the fiat of the popular heart. All Bishops originally possessed this right of canonization. In the time of Alexander III., local canonizations were forbidden, and thereafter Rome kept in the hands of the Supreme Pontiff a privilege and power which should never have thus been limited or reserved. Since Alexander's time the Church of England has conducted no processes of canonization. She has, indeed, given in her Prayer Book the title of beatification (the second stage of canonization) to Charles, the Royal Martyr, but to no one else. The powers of her Bishops have remained latent and unused in this respect. She has raised up most holy souls worthy, indeed, of canonization, but she has kept silent respecting their virtues, except so far as

private biographers, individual preachers or the popular instinct have accorded the title of Saint or Martyr to this or that person. The term "Worthy" is the highest designation she has in her popular vocabulary for her heroes and beatified souls. It is a sad pity that this is so. It is made a reproach sometimes that the Church of England has no post-Reformation Saints, and that she seems to care little for sanctity in its heroic forms; so little, indeed, as to have excluded its formal recognition from her public acts. Yet she has never been wanting in Saints as a matter of fact, whether sanctity be defined as "the confluence of all the Christian virtues in one and the same soul," or as "the love of God and of men carried to a sublime extravagance." One has only to recall the names of Nicholas Ferrar (a true Saint of the old ascetic type), Bishop Andrewes, Bishop Ken, Bishop Wilson, Mrs. Godolphin, and others of a similar type, to realize how true this is. One need not speak of the Royal Martyr, nor of Archbishop Laud, nor of the Martyrs of modern times, McKenzie and Patteson and Hannington; nor of Louis Schuyler

and his fellow Priests at Memphis who, on our own soil, with Sister Constance and her companions, gave up their lives to God amid the fires of pestilence; nor need one speak of Jeremy Taylor, of Bishop Sanderson, of Archbishop Leighton, of Pusey, and Neale, and Keble; nor of our own DeKoven; nor of Breck, of Nashotah. The popular heart has enrolled all these, in their several places, in the Sacred Catalogue. Untitled, unbeatified, and uncanonized by authority, they yet live in the thought and feeling and devotion of all good Anglicans, and are each an inspiration and a help to their brethren still struggling in the world.

Among all the Saints and Heroes of Anglican Christianity, the subject of this paper, Charles George Gordon, has no subordinate place. Whether we consider his spirit, his aims, his prayers, his alms-giving, his corporal and spiritual works of mercy, his austerities, his detachment, his unselfishness, his purity, his supreme devotion to the will of God ; to the Blessed Sacrament; to the Holy Spirit;—his mental and bodily sufferings, or his cruel death: he is wanting in no one trait which goes to

make up the Saint. And so I venture to speak of him, not chiefly on the military or worldly side of his career, but as a nineteenth century Worthy of our own Anglican Communion.

II.

Education and Reading.

II.

EDUCATION AND READING.

OUR Saint was born at Woolwich on the 28th of January, 1833. His father was Lieutenant-General Henry William Gordon, of the Royal Artillery, a descendant of the "Gay Gordons" of Scotland, and a soldier, it is said, "of the highest type, honourable, kindly, just, and devoted to his profession," which had been that of his father, grandfather and ancestors generally. The mother of the "Good Pasha" was an Enderby, the daughter of a great merchant and explorer, from whom a strip of country in the Antarctic Ocean is known by the name of "Enderby's Lands." It is a curious fact of interest to Americans, that Samuel Enderby, father of Mrs. Gordon and grandfather of our subject, was the owner of the two vessels chartered by the English Government to carry the tea to Boston Harbour which became the occa-

sion of the American Revolution. It is said of Gordon's mother, that she was a woman of remarkable character. "She possessed a perfect temper; she was always cheerful under the most trying circumstances, and she was always thoughtful of others; she contended with difficulties without the slightest display of effort; and she had a genius for making the best of everything."

As a boy, Gordon is said to have had much energy, but not very great physical strength. He had naturally a quick and generous temper, with some fire. A characteristic story is told of an occurrence during his cadetship at Woolwich (which he entered upon after a time spent at Taunton, in Somersetshire). "'You are incompetent; you will never make an officer,' said his superior in rebuke to him one day; and with flashing eyes and flushed cheeks the lad tore from his shoulders the epaulettes that he wore and cast them down before his reprover's feet." Gordon's education was, of course, that of the military academy chiefly, and I take it that the English curriculum is substantially that of our own West Point.

This, of course, would secure training in all English branches, notably in mathematics and international law; it would secure instruction in French and Spanish, at least; besides various accomplishments, such as riding, drawing, etc. (General Gordon's Journals show him to have been an accomplished draughtsman.) Gordon, however, as time went on, widened and deepened his reading. He had a most cordial admiration for the old ethical writers. Epictetus he knew intimately. "The Thoughts" of Marcus Aurelius were a sort of *vade mecum* with him, as was the "Imitation of Christ." He was in the habit of giving copies of these to his friends as mementoes, especially the "Imitation." His friend, Mr. Barnes, of Heavitree, says of him: "He may not have read a very large number of books—the circumstances of his life made it almost impossible that he should have done so—but those which he attempted to master, he mastered thoroughly, and they were, by no means, all of one kind. Of the devotional books which he knew almost by heart, the English Book of Common Prayer and the 'Imitation of Christ' (Hutch-

ing's translation), may stand as specimens. He made constant use, too, of 'Daily Prayer,' by Dumbleton, and of Dr. Samuel Clarke's 'Scripture Promises.'" "Among books of a different class, well known to him in 1883, or before that year, were the works of Josephus, Bishop Pearson on the Creed and Bishop Harold Browne on the Thirty-nine Articles, of which latter treatise he wrote expressly that it was of much use to him. The works of Bishop Wordsworth, of Lincoln, were familiar to him, and he had acquired a considerable amount of knowledge of Patristic Literature." He seems to have known something of Greek, Hebrew and Arabic. He recommended "Plutarch's Lives" for the reading of young officers. He seems to have known well Cardinal Newman's "Dream of Gerontius," and I have somewhere seen in some sentence of his a reference to Dickens. It is to be presumed, therefore, that as time and duties permitted he allowed himself an acquaintance with all good literature. Gordon's practical education in the book of man—of humanity—was very great, from his having had a large acquaintance with

English, Scotch, Irish, French, Swiss, Chinese, Armenians, Arabs, Russians, Americans, Egyptians, Jews and Africans. His knowledge of classes was as extensive as that of races. He knew the courts of Kings; Leopold, of Belgium, was his fast friend. He himself was a Viceroy, a Pasha of Egypt, a Chinese noble of highest rank, a Major-General in Her Majesty's service, a Companion of the Bath, and a Knight of the Legion of Honour; he was the intimate friend of Priests, Soldiers, Bishops; a visitor of hospitals and bedridden invalids; and a benefactor and teacher of Gravesend boys. With all these, Sovereigns, Princes, Cabinet Officers, Generals, Ambassadors, Royal Commissioners, Sheiks, Mudirs, Bishops, Priests, Sailors, Soldiers, good Women, Boys, as his environment, what else needed he to complete his social experience, and to deepen and enlarge the man?

III.

Military Career in China.

III.

MILITARY CAREER IN CHINA.

GORDON'S career was as varied as his experience of men. In December, 1854, he joined the army as Lieutenant of Engineers in the Crimea. In May, 1856, he was ordered to help in laying down the new frontiers of Russia, Turkey and Roumania. Resting afterward for six months in England, he was sent to Armenia on a delimitation commission, to arrange the boundaries of Russia and Turkey, in Asia. Then he spent a year as Instructor of Field Works and as Adjutant at Chatham, and in July, 1860, as Captain Gordon, and at twenty-seven years of age, he left home for service in China. There he remained until November, 1864. It was not until January, 1863, that he was called to the great work which gave him the name of "Chinese Gordon." In January of that year, the English Government was

requested by the Imperial Government of China to give them an English officer to command the Europeans who were engaged in putting down the Tai-Ping Rebellion. The choice fell on Gordon, and in two years he put down an insurrection which had distracted and desolated China for more than twenty years. The head of the Rebellion was known as the Celestial King. He first rallied twenty thousand of his clansmen around him, making his kinsmen "Wangs," or subordinate kings. Then, on the pretence of avenging the wrongs of his race, he advanced, plundering the towns and villages on his way, "joining to himself pirates from the coast, and robbers from the hills, until the Rebel army rose to hundreds of thousands, and with these, armed with any weapons available, he laid waste the country, until he had reached Nanking, where he established his court."

"The misery of the country under the devastations of these fierce, piratical hordes was frightful; ruin, starvation and cannibalism followed in their steps." It was to put down this Rebellion that Gordon was summoned when he

was not yet thirty years old. "It was a question of order as against chaos." His first work was to create "a disciplined army out of a troop of adventurers gathered from all countries," and then with it to suppress the Rebellion. This suppression was accomplished by his "strong hand and delicate touch."

The details of this struggle I shall not go into, as they are not within the special purpose of this sketch. I shall only mention a few incidents connected with it. First, he never went into battle armed; his only weapon was a cane or a wand. Thus, it has been pointed out, he followed unconsciously in the steps of another great instrument of God, Joan of Arc, who went into battle without sword, carrying only her banner of the *fleur-de-lis*. Gordon seems to have been absolutely fearless of possibilities, and, indeed, confident with a conviction of safety. This sense of immunity seems never to have left him until he departed from England for the last time. He seems to have foreknown that he should die at Khartoum, and made all his arrangements for it. But in the Crimea and in China it was otherwise. He

seemed confident of safety in some strange way.

During his Chinese experience, Gordon manifested that righteous severity which was by no means left out of his composition, gentle and tender and kind as in fitting time it was. There was enough of the spirit of the Hebrew prophet in him to strike when the cause of justice demanded it. On a certain occasion, the artillery having refused to fall in, and having threatened to shoot their officers, Gordon called the non-commissioned officers together and demanded of them the name of the ringleader of the mutiny. On his demand being refused, he told them with quiet determination that one in every five should then be shot, an announcement received with groans. Gordon then advanced to the ranks, dragged out with his own hand the man who was making the greatest disturbance, and had him shot by some infantry who were standing by. On another occasion he secured obedience in an equally vigorous fashion, until within less than a week from the beginning of the mutiny the spirit of the troops was as excellent as before.

In return for his splendid services to China, Gordon would only accept the distinction of the two orders of nobility which in China correspond to those of the Garter and Bath in England; and these honours he received, not because he in the least valued them himself, but, as he wrote to his mother, "because you and my father like them." "The Chinese Government twice offered him a fortune. On the first occasion ten thousand taels were actually brought into his room. He drove out the bearers of the treasure, and would not even look at it." "On the second occasion the sum was still larger, but this also he declined, and afterwards wrote home: 'I do not want anything, either money or honours, from either the Chinese Government or our own. As for the honours, I do not value them at all; I know I shall leave China as poor as I entered it, but with the knowledge that through my weak instrumentality upwards of eighty thousand to one hundred thousand lives have been spared.'" Mr. Egmont Hake, in his "Story of Chinese Gordon," assures us that our hero not only refused two fortunes, but that he spent his pay

of twelve hundred pounds a year in comforts for his army and in the relief of the victims of the insurgent troops; and that for these purposes he even taxed his private means.

The *Times* summed up the work of Gordon in China in these words: "He found the richest and most fertile districts of China in the hands of savage brigands. The silk districts were the scenes of their cruelty and riot, and the great historical cities Hangchow and Soochow were rapidly following the fate of Nanking, and were becoming desolate ruins. Gordon cut the rebellion in half, recovered the great cities, and utterly discouraged the fragments of the brigand power. All this he effected, first, by the power of his arms, and afterward, still more rapidly, by the terror of his name."

Prince Kung wrote to Sir Frederick Bruce, the English Ambassador, that as Gordon had refused the rewards the Chinese Government desired to offer him, they now requested the government of Her Majesty, the English Queen, to give him some reward for which he would really care. In consequence of this request,

Gordon was made a Companion of the Order of the Bath—a rare distinction, it is said, to be given for service under a foreign power. He was also entrusted with the defenses of the Thames at Gravesend, the central point of the Empire.

It may be here mentioned that fifteen years after Gordon's repression of the Chinese Rebellion, the Chinese Government again invoked his mediation in a critical moment, when war seemed about to break out between Russia and China. Gordon went once more to China and succeeded in maintaining peace. And thus having, as one has said, "simply by the weight of his presence and character reconciled two great empires, he returned * * * to whatever little place his country would give him in her service, or in the service of mankind, anywhere;" "refusing to be treated as a hero," "seeking to be forgotten," and so succeeding that he soon ceased to be talked about.

IV.

Life at Gravesend.

IV.

LIFE AT GRAVESEND.

WE now come to a period of Gordon's life more full of interest, perhaps, than any other before or after—more full, that is, of moral interest—viz., his six years' retreat, as it were, at Gravesend. As one of his biographers has remarked, "he had shown how, on strange battle-fields, and on high levels, visible to the whole world, the simplest Christian duty means the loftiest heroism. Now he was to show how the most burning enthusiasm, and the highest heroic quality, can find an adequate battle-field in doing on low levels, and in quiet places, the simplest duties open to all, and fighting the common miseries and sins around and within us all." "Those six years," Mr. Egmont Hake writes, "different from any other period of his career, were perhaps among the happiest of his life. To the world his life at Gravesend was a

life of self-suppression and self-denial; to himself it was one of happiness and true peace. He lived wholly for others. His house was school, and hospital, and alms-house in turn; was more like the abode of a missionary than of a Colonel of Engineers. The troubles of all interested him alike; the poor, the sick, the unfortunate, were ever welcome; and never did suppliant knock vainly at his door. He always took great delight in children, but especially in boys employed on the river, or sea. Many he rescued from the gutter, cleansed them and clothed them, and kept them for weeks in his house. For their benefit he established evening classes, over which he himself presided, reading to, and teaching the lads, with as much ardour as if he were leading them to victory. He called them his "kings," and for many of them he got berths on board ship. In their voyages he prayed day by day for them as they went. His classes at last became so full that the house could not hold them, and so had to be given up." Then it was that he attended and taught at the Ragged schools, where it was pleasant, as his biographer has remarked, to

watch the attention with which his wild scholars listened to his words. The Work-house and the Infirmary were his constant haunts. He began his working day at 8 in the morning and ended it at 2. "Before and after those hours," one of his friends has said, "he was as inaccessible as if he had been on the other side of the globe." His early hours were doubtless given to God, and his afternoons to the sick and poor. Two afternoons in the week he went to the Infirmary; other afternoons were given to old and bedridden people living outside the town and in the country districts, who had few to look after them. "To these old people he was more genial and communicative than to any one else, and would tell them long stories of his doings in Russia and in China, which it was simply impossible for any well-to-do person to extract from him." Among these he had countless pensioners, even up to the time of his death. His own life was simple and austere to the point of asceticism. His house was large, but his bed-room contained only a bed, a chair, and a box. He made the bed-chambers of the poor and sick, however, radiant

with exquisite flowers and fruits. His grounds were large, and these he apportioned to a number of poor people for little vegetable gardens. His own food was simple, to the point of distastefulness; all eating and drinking he seems to have been indifferent to. One of his friends writes, that going to his house, in Gravesend, one afternoon late, Gordon's tea was found waiting for him. It was a most unappetizing stale loaf and a pot of tea. His friend remarked upon the dryness of the bread, whereupon Gordon took the whole loaf (a small one), crammed it into the slop basin, and poured all the tea in upon it, saying that it would soon be ready for him to eat, and that in a half an hour it would not matter what he had eaten.

Notwithstanding his austere and saintly simplicity, as evinced by details of this kind, Gordon was utterly free from cant. He never sought to press religion indiscriminately upon the notice of those with whom he came in contact; he confined himself in that way very much to those who were sick, to boys, and to old people. He was, however, as his friend Stannard writes, an assiduous tract distributer

in a quiet way. "Any one who next trod the same path which the Colonel had walked, from one fort to another, as he sometimes did, would generally find a sprinkling of tracts on the way, all so placed that they could not be mistaken for stray paper deposited by wind or chance. If there was a stile to get over, a tract would be on the top bar, kept in place by a heavy stone; if the footpath were narrow, another tract would be found in the middle of it, secured in the same way; others would be seen hung on any nails that might project from the fence or the wall, or wrapped around gate-handles or bars—all so ingeniously placed that no one could fail to see that they had been put there purposely. At one fort a powerful telescope was kept, through which the actions of those at the next fort, a mile and a half distant, could be watched;" and this was very frequently used, Stannard says, to count up the tracts he disposed of on the way. "All the world knows now," Stannard goes on to observe, "how powerfully Gordon was swayed by his religious feelings. Nothing has been written on that head which exceeds the truth."

"When one realized what he did day by day, and all with such absolute indifference to praise or blame, one could not fail to comprehend that Gordon did live for his God and not for himself. All he did was done without a thought of man's approbation or regard; he spared himself no exertion that could add to the comfort of those who were sick or miserable; his purse was never well stocked, for his gifts were only limited by his means. When he left Gravesend for Galatz in 1871, he made arrangements to have the old and disabled persons, whom he regularly relieved up till then, still provided with regular pensions at his expense, in amounts varying from one to ten shillings a week; and even at the time of his death some of these were living and benefitting from his purse." "When we heard of his appointment" at Galatz, "we were one and all distressed, * * * for we felt * * * that we were not likely to see again a man whose whole life was such a lesson in modesty, energy, capacity and godliness. I think it was not until he was really gone that we fully realized how great a man had passed from our midst."

Another, writing of him in these days, says: "We used to say he had no self, in that, following his Divine Master, he never would talk of himself and his doings. Therefore, his life never can and never will be written. * * * He used to say, 'No man has a right to be proud of anything, inasmuch as he has no native good in him; he has received it all;' and he maintained there was deep cause of humiliation on the part of every one; that all wearing of medals, adorning of the body, or any form of self-glorification was quite out of place. Also, he said, he had no right to possess anything, having once given himself to God. What was he to keep back? He knew no limit. He said to me, 'You, who profess the same, have no right to the gold chain you wear. It ought to be sold for the poor.' But he acknowledged the difficulty of others regarding all earthly things in the same light as he did. He told us that the silver tea service that he kept (a present from Sir William Gordon) would be sufficient to pay for his burial, without troubling his family. But though he would never speak of his own acts, he would

talk freely of his thoughts, and long and intensely interesting conversations we had with him. His mystical turn of mind lent a great charm to his words, and we learned a great deal from him. I have often wished I had recorded at the time many of his aphorisms. We saw him very frequently, but there was a tacit understanding that we never were to invite him nor ask him to stay longer when he rose to go. To ask him to dinner would have been a great offense. He would say, 'Ask the poor and sick; don't ask me who have enough!'"

As an illustration of his self-denial and indifference to human respect, I must relate an incident associated with this period of his life, which strikingly reminds one of S. Martin, of Tours, just as his indifference to pleasant food reminds one of S. Chrysostom, and, indeed, of all the Saints. The story is, that on a cold, bleak, drizzling day, Gordon found on the dock at Gravesend an old sailor, who stood waiting, without a coat (which, it seems, he had pawned for grog) for the vessel on which he was outward bound. Gordon, in his compassion, at once removed his own coat, and gave it to the

improvident but suffering man, and, coatless himself, returned to his quarters in the fort.

So our Saint spent six years of his life "in slums, hospitals and work-house, or knee-deep in the river at work on the Thames defense." His friend and biographer, the Vicar of Heavitree, may well exclaim: "What a living likeness this seems to be of the life of the God-Man, the Lord Jesus Christ, during His short residence on this earth! What sympathy and even love for his poorer brethren! How the light, the true light, shines! What a single eye! A lover of God, a despiser of Mammon. In this he outshines Peter the Hermit. Savonarola and Havelock."

Mr. Arnold White writes of him: "Fourteen years have passed since he left Gravesend; but he has left, especially among the poor, so passionate a clinging to his memory, that his loss is to them a reality which cannot be observed without sharing the pain. He never taught them that the language of religion is a panacea for hunger and despair. Hot-house grapes, carried nightly to the bedside of a fevered and improvident waterman, and placed one by one in

his mouth, were the sort of religious message he favoured. A man whose intelligence made him fretful on a sick-bed, found by Gordon's thought a *Daily News* delivered every morning at his door. In other cases, wines and delicacies recommended by physicians, and above all, the kindest personal nursing, manifested his care for the bodies of suffering men no less than for their souls. Three or four boys who were taken with scarlet-fever he cared for in his own house, nursing them far into the night, talking to them and soothing them until they fell asleep. He entered into all their concerns, caring nothing for himself. He only cared to make such happy and industrious, while his chief aim, said one who knew, was to lead them to the Saviour." He would enter houses infected with fever when others feared to do so. He would often go to the work-house and walk with the old men in the yard. With him, out of sight was not out of mind. He was known to send a photograph to an old washerwoman. So a writer remarks, "he lived a life which shows that the most literal following of Christ is never an impossibility, or an anachronism.

He had made for all around him a rift in the clouds through which had shone on all the Sun of Righteousness, whose light is at once a consuming fire, and healing as a mother-bird's brooding wings. Consciously or unconsciously, when he went away, children and men and women felt they had seen one who had seen into Heaven and belonged to it."

V.

Galatz and Central Africa.

V.

GALATZ AND CENTRAL AFRICA.

COLONEL GORDON'S duties at Gravesend terminated on the 30th of September, 1871. His next mission was to Galatz, in Turkey, as British Commissioner to the European Commission of the Danube. This was not a post new to him, inasmuch as he laboured there in former years, as we have already seen. He left Galatz toward the end of 1873. Early in the next year he took service with the Khedive of Egypt and succeeded Sir Samuel Baker as Governor of the tribes in Upper Egypt. While at Constantinople, in the summer of 1872, he had been asked by Nubar Pasha, whom he had greatly impressed during the sitting of the Danubian Commission, to recommend some officer of Engineers to fill the post. A year later, Gordon tendered his own services, subject to the conditions of an application from

the Khedive to the English Government for them, and the approval of his own Government. No objection being raised, he went to London, made his preparations, and started at once for Central Africa, calling at Cairo for final instructions. The Khedive proposed to give him a salary of £10,000 a year. This Gordon would not hear of or accept, declining to be paid more than £2,000. He refused this magnificent provision partly because, as he had only received £2,000 a year from his own Government as English Commissioner at Galatz, he "thought it neither patriotic nor honourable to accept a larger stipend from a foreign government than he had been receiving from his own." "He knew, moreover, that the larger sum would have been blood money," wrung from the poor people subject to him. He refused, therefore, anything more than a stipend sufficient for the expenses of his position. The special purpose of this mission was the suppression of slave hunting and the establishment of post-communication. An account of this period of Gordon's life may be found in Hake's "Story of Chinese Gordon," and in Hill's "Colonel

Gordon in Central Africa." In this latter book may be found the letters written home by Gordon; and it has been remarked that "it may be questioned whether any man's letters have been better worth publishing." It is not proposed here to discuss or enlarge upon this period of General Gordon's career. His title now was: "His Excellency General Colonel Gordon, Governor-General of the Equator under the Khedive of Egypt." "An extraordinary mixture of titles," he writes. His specific instructions were "to put down brigandage, and to break up the slave-trading factories, giving compensation to the owners; to restore the captive slaves to their homes, or, where this was not possible, to settle them upon lands in the provinces." As an Egyptian Pasha he had also to see that the Egyptian Government got its revenue. Gordon started out in this enterprise hopefully. It did not take him long, however, to discover that the Khedive's horror of the slave trade had been awakened merely by the fear of Zebehr Pasha's setting up an Empire of his own in the slave country. Gordon soon came into conflict with

Nubar Pasha, who had rather expected to make use of him. As the General wrote his sister: "Nubar Pasha thought he had a rash fellow to deal with, one who could be persuaded to cut a dash, and found he had one of the Gordon race; this latter thought the thing real and found it a sham, and felt like a Gordon who had been humbugged." "If God wills," writes he, "I will shake all this in some way not clear to me now." His account of his journey along the Nile to his capital, Gondokoro, is full of vivid bits of description. As time went on, and he saw more and more of his Province, his heart became filled with compassion for his people. "Poor people," he writes, "they are very badly fed and appear to be in very much suffering. What a mystery, is it not? Why are they created? A life of fear and misery night and day! One does not wonder at their not fearing death." "But I like the work, for I believe I can do a great deal to ameliorate the lot of the people." He writes to his sister many sad accounts of the suffering which came before his eyes; yet full as his great heart was of com-

passion, his letters are not without a touch of the humour which always sparkled in his thought and speech. "I took," he writes to Miss Gordon, "a poor old bag of bones into my camp a month ago, and have been feeding her up, but yesterday she was quietly taken off, *and now knows all things.* She had her tobacco to the last, and died quite quietly. What a change from her misery!"

Again: "A wretched sister of yours is struggling up the road, but she is such a wisp of bones, that, the wind threatening to overthrow her, I have sent her some Dhoora and will produce a spark of joy in her."

Next day: "I am bound to give you the sequel of the Rag helped yesterday in the gale of wind. I had told my man to see her into one of the huts, and thought he had done so. The night was stormy and rainy, and when I awoke I heard the crying of a child near my hut. When I got up I went to see what it was, and passing through the gateway, I saw your and my sister lying in a pool of mud: her black brothers had been passing, and had taken no notice of her. To my surprise, she was not

dead. After considerable trouble I got three black brothers to lift her out of the mud, poured some brandy down her throat, and got her into a hut with a fire; having the mud washed out of her sightless eyes. She was not more than sixteen. There she now lies. I cannot help hoping she is floating down with the tide to the haven of rest. I dare say you will see—in fact, I am sure you will see—your black sister some day, and she will tell you all about it, and how Infinite Wisdom directed the whole affair. I know this is a tough morsel to believe, *but it is true.* I prefer life amidst sorrows, if those sorrows are inevitable, to life spent in inaction. Turn where you will, there are sorrows. Many a rich person is as unhappy as this rag of mortality. 'This mustard is very badly made,' was the remark of one of my staff some time ago, when some of our brothers were stalking about, showing every bone of their poor bodies." Again: "The Rag is still alive." And at last: "Your black sister departed this life at 4 P. M., deeply lamented by me; not so by her black brothers, who considered her a nuisance."

Space will not allow further extracts from Gordon's letters, nor further incidents of this touching period of his life. I must go on to relate that "the Governors and local officials in his rear were all against him in the task he had most at heart, the suppression of the slave trade. Even at Cairo he found no support. No notice was taken of his reports on that head. In fact, neither the Khedive nor his Ministers cared a straw for the slave trade, so long as the other objects of his mission were accomplished. Gordon accordingly went back to Cairo, and threw up his appointment in December, 1876, refusing to go back unless the Khedive would guarantee the removal of obstacles. His demands were conceded and in February, 1877, Gordon again, full of hope, turned his face southward: this time as Governor-General of the whole of the Soudan, the Equator and the littoral of the Red Sea—a territory of 2,000 miles in length by 1,000 in breadth. So he writes: "There is an end of slavery, if God wills." "Three years of incessant labour were spent in suppressing the slave trade, pacifying hostile

tribes, punishing corrupt officials, and everywhere introducing administrative reforms, and everywhere winning the love of the nations by his unswerving justice. But the strain told, and even Gordon's iron endurance had to yield to life in such a climate. He was forced by physical signs and warnings not to be neglected, to think of change."

VI.

India, Ireland, Mauritius, Palestine, and Return to the Soudan.

VI.

INDIA, IRELAND, MAURITIUS, PALESTINE, AND RETURN TO THE SOUDAN.

IN December, 1879, Gordon left Egypt. "Not a day too soon," his physicians said. "At forty-six his strong frame, sustained as it was by all his strength of faith and will and buoyancy of spirit, was all but failing under the strain of that burden of war and rule, of cares and thwartings and sleepless nights, and days of weary travel in desert lands, and sights of misery." "Poor sheath," he said of his own body, "it is much worn."

He was now commanded to rest for months. On his return to England, a few weeks were spent in London and Southampton. In May, 1880, he was appointed Secretary to the new Viceroy of India, Lord Ripon. He soon found, however, that his great experience as a ruler had unfitted him for such a post;

and it has been hinted that he found diplomatic *finesse* unsuited to his nature. He made no delay, when he saw how misplaced he was, and resigned promptly in June. Just at this juncture he was summoned to China on the mission of peace already spoken of. He returned to London in 1881, and soon afterward visited Ireland, where, as Hake remarks, "he gave his whole soul to her troubles. A friend, to whom he addressed his views, published them. They were daring, they were new, they were thorough, but they were not such views as the majority could approve, and they met with some adverse criticism and a little ridicule. Gordon cared as much for one as for the other." He soon after went to Brussels to visit the King of the Belgians, thence to Lausanne. (There his brother, Enderby Gordon, who had lately died, had passed part of his illness, and there the Vicar of Heavitree, Mr. Barnes, first met General Gordon in company with his nephew, Mr. Charles H. Gordon, who now, as all American admirers of his uncle will be glad to know, has made his home on this side the water.) Soon after, he was ordered

to Mauritius as commanding Royal Engineer. On the 6th of March, 1881, he was made a Major-General, and on the 4th of April, 1882, left Mauritius for the Cape. A little more than five months afterwards he went to the Holy Land, where at last he could rest. "He could depart for Mount Carmel," as Hake says, "and be alone." He took up his residence outside Jerusalem, where he spent a few quiet months in the survey of the Holy City, to establish, if possible, certain convictions he had as to the mystic relationships of the site, the whole treatment of which may be found in his book "Reflections in Palestine." Here he lived, "winning, as usual, love and enthusiastic reverence; receiving, as often as possible, the Blessed Sacrament," and, in short, as one of his biographers writes, passed "a quiet Retreat in the Holy Land; led, perhaps, apart into a desert place to rest awhile, by the Voice he always sought to follow, in preparation for the final conflict and the last sacrifice."

Whilst our Saint was in Retreat at Jerusalem, the King of the Belgians summoned him to Brussels, in accordance with a promise Gor-

don had made him that he would go to the Congo to help on the King's philanthropic plans for founding a Free State, to be a centre of civilization in that region. He at once sailed from Jaffa by the first ship. It was a wretched vessel, on which he was almost shipwrecked, being driven in a storm a hundred miles out of its course. He was willing to accept the commission of the King, and at once sought the consent of his own government, which, after making some difficulties, finally yielded. The General at once set out from Brussels for the Congo, *via* Southampton. It has been said that it was only this happy accident, as we call such things, of the recall of Gordon by King Leopold that brought, at this critical moment, the General within reach of the British Government, "in an hour of dire perplexity."

Whilst Gordon was in Palestine, a Prophet or Pretender, the Mahdi, had arisen in the Soudan, claiming a divine mission and proclaiming the establishment of "an universal equality, an universal law and a community of goods." "There was enough misery in the

Soudan to draw the wretched people the Mahdi promised to rescue, to the standard of any deliverer." Eleven thousand troops under Hicks Pasha, an English officer, had been entrapped into an ambush and annihilated. At that moment there were between Dongola and Gondokoro, the capital of General Gordon's former Government, 21,000 Egyptian troops scattered in various garrisons, and a whole population of civilians, loyal to the Egyptian Government. The Mahdi's power had rapidly increased, and many important places were besieged by his hordes. Meanwhile, as we have seen, Gordon had reached England, *en route* for the Congo. He had spent a night at Heavitree Vicarage with his friend, the Vicar, and on Friday morning, January 11th, had received the Blessed Sacrament in the Parish Church. This was the last Communion he made in England, save on the Sunday before his departure, of which more hereafter. That same morning he had visited Bishop Temple, and later in the day had gone on to Sandford Orleigh, Sir Samuel Baker's house. While driving to the house, Sir Samuel pressed on Gordon the expediency

of his again going to the Soudan as Governor-General, if Her Majesty's Government should require it. On the next day, January 12th, Gordon received a telegram from Lord Wolseley, asking him to come to London. Gordon obeyed, and on the 15th had an interview with him. Their conversation led to nothing definite and Gordon, on the 16th, departed for Brussels. Lord Wolseley again summoned him to London and Gordon submitted the matter to his friend, the Belgian King. As the result, Gordon left Brussels, and on the 18th was at Lord Wolseley's office. Later in the day he saw Lord Granville, Lord Hartington, Lord Northbrook and Sir Charles Dilke, and it was decided that he was to proceed to the Soudan as the representative of the British Government, but in no way responsible to the Khedive. His mission was to superintend the evacuation of the Soudan. He was to withdraw the Egyptian garrisons, the civil officials, and as many of the inhabitants as might wish to be taken away. Taking with him Colonel Stewart, who, like himself, eventually fell a martyr, he started for Khartoum that same

evening (the 18th), at 8 o'clock. He was accompanied to the station by the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Wolseley and others. Lord Wolseley, it may be here remarked, was Gordon's comrade in the Crimea, and he declared some time ago that Gordon was one of the only two heroes he had ever known, the other being General Robert E. Lee.

VII.

The End.

VII.

THE END.

THE rest is well-known matter of history. Gordon arrived at Khartoum after a most wonderful and rapid journey across the desert, making the distance in exactly thirty days after his leaving London. The people received him with rapture, kissing his hands and feet. "I come," he said, "without soldiers, but with God on my side, to redress the evils of the Soudan. I will not fight with any weapons but justice. There shall be no more Bashi-Bazouks; I will hold the balance level." "He then held a levee, at which the poorest might pour out their grievances. The people appeared in thousands; with the aid of Colonel Stewart he inquired into their grievances, remitted public debts, publicly burnt instruments of torture, and delivered prisoners of all ages, old men and boys, who had been unjustly imprisoned

for years." At the same time he issued a proclamation, declaring the independence of the Soudan, granting an amnesty, and taking various other measures in the best interests of the country, as it stood. He proceeded to send down sick men, women and children into Egypt; but it was impossible to remove the garrisons until he had taken steps for the establishment of a stable government. He desired that Zebehr Pasha, a man of great influence in the Soudan, should be made Governor-General after the evacuation, and that the native Sultans should be reinstated in their privileges. The British Government peremptorily refused to sanction Zebehr's appointment. Gordon then asked for troops from Cairo and the Red Sea. Meantime relief did not come, and little by little he was environed by the forces of the False Prophet. Khartoum was besieged on the 12th of March, and from that time until the following January, when he died, Gordon was engaged in defending the city against its assailants. "The record of his achievements and heroism in this memorable siege will form one of the most heart-stirring

pages in English history. Nothing could exceed his military efficiency, inventiveness, resource; nothing could exceed his moral influence in the city over troops and people." "He built steamers, defended his exterior lines by means of wire entanglements with live shells as mines." The authorities in England remained strangely and unpardonably indifferent to the situation. Gordon implored that troops should be sent, not for his own rescue, but for the sake of redeeming the pledges he had made to his people. In September, Colonel Stewart and the French and English Consuls started on the homeward journey, which ended so fatally, in order that the English Government might learn the whole truth. In August, England at last aroused herself, and Lord Wolseley was appointed to conduct an expedition for the relief of Khartoum. But it was too late. After various vicissitudes and delays, Sir Charles Wilson, with several of Gordon's own steamers (sent to meet him), full of troops, reached the city on the 28th of January, only to find it in possession of the Mahdi, and Gordon—dead. On the 26th of January he had

been betrayed; the gates of the city had been opened to the enemy and by the knife of an assassin the soul of our matchless hero ascended to God. He had yielded up his life for England and humanity. So perished, through the supineness of the English Ministry, "Gordon, the Magnanimous." *

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* NOTE.—Since the above was written, the attention of the writer has been called to the following extract from the *London Telegraph* of the 27th of January:

THE GORDON ANNIVERSARY.

A special funeral service in commemoration of General Gordon's death was held yesterday afternoon at St. Paul's, Eaton square, at 5 P. M. There were present about 200 persons, mostly friends of the deceased officer. The Rev. H. Waller, an old personal friend of General Gordon, preached the sermon, and during the discourse read the following sworn testimony of one of the loyal sergeants who was present at General Gordon's death, and which was communicated to Lieutenant Gordon, nephew of the late General. The sergeant said he was formerly in the garrison of Berber, but escaped at its fall to Khartoum, where he was one of four sergeants orderlies to Gordon. He was on duty on January 26, and was with Gordon, on the "look-out" on the top of the palace. Gordon, the evening before, warned the people that he had seen a great deal of extra excitement going on in the rebel camp, and that unless a good resistance were made that night the town would fall. As the morning star rose the rebels made a feint at a portion of the defenses, under Ferag Pasha with the black troops; but at the same time they directed their full attack at the defense commanded by Hassan Bey Ben Assereh, with the 5th Regiment of Fellaheen, and succeeded in getting into the town. When Gordon heard the rebels in the town he said, "It is all finished; to-day Gordon will be killed," and went down stairs, followed by the four sergeants, who took their rifles with them. He took a chair, and

"Thus ended," says the Vicar of Heavitree, "a career as romantic and as noble as any that the modern world has seen. When the terrible tidings were made known, England mourned for Gordon as she has seldom mourned even for her heroes. His unworldly temper, his ardent faith, his magnificent energy, his sublime unselfishness: in all this there was something which captivated the heart of the nation, and it needed but the crowning glory of his death to evoke an expression of love and reverence to which there is hardly a parallel in history. They who knew him best knew that his countrymen had obeyed a true instinct

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sat down on the right of the palace door, the four sergeants standing on his left. All at once a Sheikh galloped up with some Bagaree Arabs. The sergeants were on the point of firing when Gordon, seizing one of their rifles, said, "No need of rifles to-day; Gordon is to be killed" (as before). The Sheikh told Gordon that he had been ordered by the Mahdi to bring him alive. Gordon refused to go, saying he would die where he was, adding that no harm was to be done to the four sergeants, who had not fired on the rebels. The Sheikh repeated the order three times, and each time Gordon gave the same answer. After a few words the Sheikh drew his sword, and, rushing up to Gordon, cut him over the left shoulder, Gordon looking him straight in the face and offering no resistance. His head was cut off and taken to the Mahdi at Omdurman, and his body was buried close to the door of the palace and a tomb built over it. The tomb is treated with respect. The letter was handed to Mr. Waller a few days since by General Sir Gerald Graham, V. C., who commanded the troops at Suakin.

in placing him, even while he lived, beside those whose names are 'on fame's eternal bead-roll worthy to be filed.' With regard to Gordon's character, there are no popular illusions to be dispelled. The more closely it is studied, the deeper will be the admiration excited by his strength, his tenderness, his purity and his honour."

VIII.

Person and Manners.

VIII.

PERSON AND MANNERS.

THE grateful duty yet remains of describing the man: his appearance, manners, habits, cast of mind, special devotions and ultimate aims.

The pictures commonly seen of General Gordon are very unsatisfactory. The one which, on the whole, seems the most *vraisemblable*, is that which appeared in the *London Illustrated News* not long after his death. The likenesses prefixed to Hake's "Story of Chinese Gordon" and to Forbes' sketch of him seem very expressionless and characterless; nor can much be said of that prefixed to his "Journals," although, artistically, this last has much merit. The last picture for which he sat was that taken for the King of the Belgians, but being taken in civilian's dress, it does not express the whole idea of the man. In the portrait pub-

lished by the *London Illustrated News*, one sees the soldier, knight, the gray-haired man of fifty: strong, determined, with a smile playing about the mouth, and with eyes drawn by sorrow and tears. A representation of him, which appeared in the *London Graphic* in March, 1885, has a softer expression, looks less robust, but has more of the suggestion of faith, and love, and prayer. Doubtless this protean man, like many others of his temperament and constitution, at different times looked differently. Some portraits, however, tell the whole story, or the deepest secrets, of a man's nature, and so with the likenesses above specified as most satisfactory.

Hake says of him that he was "slightly built, somewhat below the middle height. His face was almost boyish in its youthfulness, his step as light and his movements as lithe as those of a leopard." His friend, the Reverend Mr. Barnes, of Heavitree, says of him: "He was of the middle height and very strongly built; his face was furrowed with deep lines; his fine, broad brow and most determined chin indicated a remarkable power of grave and practi-

cal thought. He appeared to be as gentle as he was strong, for there was a certain tenderness in the tones of his rich, unworn voice and in the glance of his delicately expressive blue eyes." Mr. Arthur Stannard, one of Colonel Gordon's subordinates at Gravesend, says of those eyes: "What eyes they were! Keen and clear, filled with the beauty of holiness; bright, with an unnatural brightness, * * * their colour blue-grey. * * * I know not what effect those eyes had on all whom he came in contact with, though from the unfailing and willing obedience with which his orders were carried out, I fancy that, to some extent, he unconsciously mesmerized nine out of ten to do his will; but I know that upon me their effect was to raise a wild longing, a desperate desire to do something, anything at his bidding. It was not that any evil thought or suspicion lurked within the windows of his brave and pure soul; his power was the power of resolute goodness, and it was strong—so strong that, I am sure, had he told me to stand on my head, or to perform some impossible feat, I should certainly have tried my utmost to ac-

complish it without giving a moment for reflection as to whether the order was reasonable or not." Colonel Chaille-Long, by no means a friendly commentator, says of him: "His fifty years sit very lightly upon him. An active body and mind, ruddy complexion and almost boyish manner, make him appear younger than he is. His step is light, and his movements are quick." I may add, that his head was a very noble one; brow and chin square and strong; hair white and stiff, crisp and curly; side whiskers trimmed; moustache strong and close to the lip.

Thus we see in our hero certain of the characteristics of what has been called "the physiognomy of the Saints": that supernatural light in the expression, which Stannard calls unnatural; that singular power in the eye, which S. Gregory and S. Bernard are said to have had, together with that alertness of movement and gaiety of manner so remarkable in S. Philip Neri.

Gordon's manners were singularly engaging: sincere, impulsive, stern, when the moment needed sternness; thoughtful, and con-

siderate, and merciful, when gentleness was the rule of duty. He was singularly free from all affectations, full of humour, and with a turn of expression now and then worthy of Ruskin or Carlyle. Indeed, Chaille-Long says of him: "He is a strange composition of a Cromwell, a Havelock, a Carlyle and a Livingstone." I add, a combination with the above, of S. Louis of France, the Chevalier Bayard, S. Martin of Tours, and S. Philip Neri.

"A very real and human man he was," says Stannard; "as great, as good, and as true as any have described him—not a colourless Saint without a flaw or fault to retrieve his goodness from monotony, as some would have us conceive him, but a man whose genius was too brilliant, and whose parts were too strong, to be without corresponding weaknesses and prejudices almost as marked as his talents. * * * In spite of the beautiful goodness of his heart and the great breadth of his charity, Gordon was far from possessing a placid temperament, or from being patient over small things. His very energy and his singlemindedness tended to make him impatient." "His strength and

weakness were most fantastically mingled. There was no trace of timidity in him, or he never could have occupied his unique position in the world, * * * but * * * he was extremely sensitive to the feelings of others who might be affected by his doings." * * * When he believed any course to be right, and that it was his duty to follow it, he was absolutely indifferent to all dissuading or moderating influences. But "his desire to efface himself amounted almost to a disease." The Vicar of Heavitree says of him: "I have never known anyone who had the same faculty of winning the confidence, love, and reverence of those who happened to be brought into relation with him. He had a kind of spiritual power which exercised a singular fascination when one talked with him about the subjects on which he most frequently and most deeply meditated. * * * The seriousness of Gordon's temper did not prevent him from being a bright and agreeable companion, especially when those with whom he talked could join him in smoking a cigarette. He had a keen sense of humour, and on every matter on which

he cared to form an opinion he spoke clearly and decisively."

(Hake relates an instance of his humour. During his first Governor-Generalship, to his disgust, he had to live in a palace as large as Marlborough House. "Some two hundred servants and orderlies were in attendance; they added to his discomfort by obliging him to live according to the niceties of an inflexible code of etiquette. He was sternly forbidden to rise to receive a guest, or to offer a chair; if he rose, everyone else did the same. He was 'guarded like an ingot of gold.' This formality was detestable to him, but he made a good deal of fun of it, and more than once, while certain solemnities were proceeding, he would delight the great chiefs, his visitors, by remarking in English (of which they knew nothing), 'Now, old bird, it's time for you to go.'")

"Although he was quick to perceive the passing moods of his friends, and to give them his sympathy in their troubles, there was always a tone of self-restraint in his ordinary conversation. Perhaps his manner may be most accurately described as that of a pro-

fessed and accomplished diplomatist, using the word diplomatist in its best sense. His educational experience, his study of the weight which might be attached to each of his words, his long, unbroken silence in the Soudan—all this had helped to make him not sententious, but habitually impressive toward those whom he addressed. * * * Gordon was much less at ease in talking to women than in talking to men. While conversing with women he seemed to exercise more than his usual self-control in the expression of his thought and feeling. His sympathy, geniality and attractiveness became, as it were, veiled; and he was 'himself again' only when the restraint was removed. He was seen at his best in the society of young children, his keen interest in whom had not been dulled either by solitude, or by the necessity—which had often been imposed upon him in other relations—for strictly guarded intercourse. With children he was quite at home, and they instinctively felt that in him they had a friend who understood them and whom they could trust and love."

The author of the "Schönberg-Cotta Fam-

ily," writing of Gordon, says : "We feel in him, amidst all the naturalness as of a little child, the strangeness also as of childhood that has not yet learned our poor earthly values, or quite learned our low, earthly language. It is not that he tries to renounce the poor prizes of this world ; he, like Joan of Arc, and the rest of that highest society, simply does not value them." "He was simply awake in a world of dreamers ; the walls of the cells of self which imprison us, were broken ; he was under the open sky. He saw the wrongs and sufferings of other men, of weaker races, as an angel from another world may see them, not dimly or vaguely, but with the widest, keenest and most acute vision. From the first we see in him the same combination : the keen eye and quick resource of the soldier, with the vision into the spiritual combat always underlying all external troubles, and the ceaseless waging of the true warfare there." "The high-bred modesty and reticence of his nature, which belong to the true knights of all ages, made * * * publicity a vulgarity to him, and the

high mystical faith in the indwelling presence of God made it a profanation."

At Khartoum we see additional traits manifesting themselves. Mr. Frank Power, a companion for a time at Khartoum, but murdered with Colonel Stewart, writes: "Gordon is a most lovable character: quiet, mild, gentle and strong. He is humble, too. The way in which he pats you on the shoulder when he says, 'Look here, dear fellow, now what do you advise?' would make you love him. When he goes out of doors there are always crowds of Arab men and women at the gate to kiss his feet, and twice to-day the furious women, wishing to lift his feet to kiss them, threw him over. He appears to like me, and already calls me 'Frank.' He likes my going so much among the natives. Not to do so is a mortal sin in his eyes. He is Dictator here; the Mahdi has gone down before him and to-day sent him a 'salaam,' or message of welcome. It is wonderful that one man should have such influence over 200,000 people. Numbers of women flock here every day, to ask him to touch their children to cure them. They call him the Father

and the Saviour of the Soudan. He has found me badly up in Thomas à Kempis, which he reads every day, and has given me an 'Imitation of Christ.'" Again Power writes: "I like Gordon more and more every day; he has a most lovable manner and disposition, and is so kind to me. He is glad if you show the smallest desire to help him in his great trouble. How one man could have dared to attempt his task, I wonder. One day of his work and bother would kill another man, yet he is cheerful at breakfast, lunch and dinner; but I know he suffers dreadfully from low spirits. I hear him walking up and down his room all night (it is next to mine). It is only his great piety which carries him through."

I may remark just here a circumstance which gave a remarkable heroism to Gordon's energy and activity. He had been long a victim to that most cruel and painful form of heart disease, *angina pectoris*, than which there is probably no ailment of the body more dreadful and more agonizing. It requires quiet, both of body and of mind, to keep it under; yet, though the incredible statement had been

made that he had over one hundred attacks of its paroxysms before leaving England, Gordon undertook his wonderful camel-ride across the desert, and his year of dreadful anxiety and worry in the Soudan. One cannot but recall an expression used by him long before in a letter written at Jerusalem: "I have now a sense of very great weariness; not discontent, but a desire to put off the burden. God gives me comforting thoughts, but—one's body is tired of it."

In the book sent home, which he gave to Power (Cardinal Newman's "Dream of Gerontius") are underlined passages which give deep glimpses into Gordon's heart: "Pray for me, O my friend!" "'Tis death, O loving friends, your prayers, 'tis he!" "So pray for me, my friends, who *have not strength to pray!*"

IX.

Devotional Habits.

IX.

DEVOTIONAL HABITS.

ALREADY we have touched upon points connected with the habits of our Saint, *e. g.*, his devotion of the early hours of the day to God, and of the later hours to works of charity. We shall further on say a word in reference to his devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. It may be remarked, however, just here (quoting from an editorial in the *Church Press* of March 7, 1885), that "he had a fixed belief that only from Christ *in* the Blessed Sacrament could flow the strength of high resolve and the grace to carry through to an end his lofty purposes. Hence he was a constant and a devout communicant, never missing an opportunity of receiving at the Altar the soul-strengthening food on which he rested for help, nor when cut off from the Sacred Banquet did he ever neglect to hold daily spiritual communion with his

Lord as Giver of that Actual Food." A curious story is told of him in connection with the last Sunday he spent in England (which, however, I find it difficult to reconcile with the dates). He had a fixed presentiment that he should never return from the Soudan. He distributed little trinkets and mementos among his friends as remembrances, and then prepared himself for his Viaticum. It is said that on the last Saturday in which he was in London, he carefully ascertained the churches and hours at which the Blessed Sacrament would be attainable on the following day; and then beginning early in the morning of Sunday, he went from church to church until noon, assisting at the Holy Sacrifice and communicating at each Altar. This, of course, was most unusual. I only know of two modern precedents for duplication, or multiplication, of Communions in one day. Certain of the early Jesuits, it is said, in the first fervour of their love, communicated more than once daily, and in Cavendish's "Life of Wolsey," the Cardinal is said, on one occasion, first to have said his own Mass and then to have assisted at a Pontifical Cele-

bration in the presence of the King of France, and to have, with the King, received the Host divided between them. The Saints, however, such as Gordon was, are not expected to conform to ordinary measures and standards of things. It was the last day on which our Saint could ever meet his Lord on His Altar Throne. He wished to fill himself up full, as it were, of that Bread of Life, before, as one touchingly says, he went into the "darkness." The whole passage I shall give from Dean Bradley's sermon at Westminster Abbey: "We know the story," says he; "he passes, single-handed, or with one chosen comrade, Colonel Stewart, whose name will be dear to England —passes into the growing darkness, into a rising tide of turbulence and fanaticism, and dark-faced African men kiss his hands and feet as he rides into the doomed city."

From that city he ascended to that place and to that Friend, of both which he had long before touchingly written: "Oh! for that home, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary have rest; where the good fight will have been fought, the dusty labour fin-

ished, and a crown of life given; when our eyes will behold the only One that ever knew our sorrows and trials, and has borne with us in them all, soothing and comforting our weary souls. No New Friend to be made then, but an Old Friend." To that Friend, indeed, he went. But on that last Sunday in London, he pressed to his lips for the last time that Precious Sacrament of Life, and Joy, and Light, so dear to his detached and heavenly soul.

A habit of his older African days is thus described by Colonel Chaille-Long: "In the short interval of my stay in camp, going or returning from expeditions, I had occasion to remark the singular habit which Gordon had of retiring to his hut, where he would remain, for days at a time, engaged in the perusal and meditation of his ever-present Bible and Prayer Book. When in this retirement his orders were that he should not be disturbed for any reason of service whatever; a hatchet and flag were placed at his door as a sign that he was unapproachable. When they were removed, Gordon would re-appear in full dress, cleanly shaven, and the ill-humour which he had suf-

fered had vanished, to give place to cheerfulness. On such occasions he would come into my hut in almost boyish glee and say, 'Come now, Long, old fellow, let's have a good breakfast.'"

Another of the General's habits was that of intercessory prayer. One of his biographers remarks: "Among the things most characteristic of him is the number of people remembered day by day in intercession, in his hours of communion with God." Hake writes: "The Cross's true soldier, a mystic and a leader of men, he fights and conquers much as Columbus voyaged and as Cromwell ruled." "Praying for the people ahead of me whom I am about to visit," he says, "gives me much strength; and it is wonderful how something seems already to have passed between us when I meet a chief for whom I have prayed, for the first time. On this I base my hopes of a triumphal march. * * * I have really no troops with me, but I have the Shekinah, and I do like trusting to Him, and not to man." "These extracts," says Barnes, "show how Gordon quieted all earthly anxiety by making every

request known unto God. In his endeavours after the Christian life he looked far beyond that which has become in England a usual but dangerous limit. He never let himself rest short of the hope of complete union with Christ. * * * Gordon desired progress and found our sanctification through union with God in Christ. Hence he approached and understood the Sacraments as a part of that which has been ordained from the first, even before the world began." Hake writes: "The 'Imitation of Christ' is his favourite book. 'This is my book, and although I shall never be able to attain to a hundredth part of the perfection of that Saint, I strive toward it. The ideal is here.' He (Gordon) carries the saintly ideal of the cloister into the turmoil of the camp, and his selfless abnegation and humility are only broken by a horror of public praise."

X.

Cast of Mind and Fundamental Religious Ideas.

X.

CAST OF MIND AND FUNDAMENTAL RELIGIOUS IDEAS.

GENERAL GORDON'S cast of mind and feeling may have been already largely deduced from what has thus far been said. Four fundamental points, stated by himself, lay at the basis of his character: First, entire self-forgetfulness; secondly, simplicity, or the absence of all pretension; thirdly, refusal to accept, as a motive, the world's praise or disapproval; fourthly, the following in all things the will of God. His favourite motto was: "Be not moved;" or, "Be not thou greatly moved." "The main point," he writes, "is to be just and straightforward; to fear no one, or no one's sayings; and to avoid all tergiversation or twisting, even if you lose by it." "Hoist your flag and abide by it." He had a great horror of evil speaking. "The tongue," he says, "is a

sure barometer of the heart, and it is one we can see, and others see at once. Is it not to us a great preventive against evil speaking to communicate worthily? * * * It is possible for men to communicate worthily, though this is not possible while they continue their fearfully treacherous words against one another. I speak of the common parlance of life, where we are all so apt to err. We could not keep repeating that unkind, amusing story of X or Y. If we were often communicating, it would choke us! There is a close analogy in the remedy and the sickness, as shown by the tongue, the first member to touch the forbidden fruit. We can tell how we are progressing by the tongue quicker than by any other way. * * * We become very stupid to the world, but poor, wounded souls come to us; they know that he who keeps his tongue will not plant bitter words, like barbed stings, in their wounds. Christ is the corner of defense to that man. If we look into our past life, we can see that a few years ago we should not have given a thought about saying things

which now we can not say without a twinge of conscience."

Gordon's most memorable sayings may be found in a little compendium known as "Chinese Gordon, the Uncrowned King," by L. C. Holloway; also, in the Gordon Birthday Book. This sketch has already grown so lengthy that I dare not indulge myself in detailing them. I go on to say that three great ideas filled the mind of General Gordon, over and above the general principles we have been speaking of: First, the sovereignty of God over men's lives in general and in detail; secondly, the reality of the gift of our Lord's Body and Blood in the Blessed Sacrament; thirdly, the indwelling of the Holy Ghost in each baptized man. Belief in the first of these has gained him the name of a fatalist, but as he explains himself, no one can call him such in any objectionable way. "If," says he, "we could take all things as ordained and for the best, we should, indeed, be conquerors of the world. Nothing has ever happened to man so bad as he has anticipated it to be. If we should be quiet under our troubles, they would not be so painful to bear. I cannot separate

the existence of a God from his preordination and direction of all things, good and evil; the latter he permits, but still controls." And again: "I have become what people call a fatalist, namely, I trust God will pull me through every difficulty. The solitary grandeur of the desert makes one feel how vain is the effort of man. This carries me through my troubles and enables me to look on death as a coming relief, when it is His will. * * * It is only my firm conviction that I am only an instrument put in use for a time—('the chisel in the hands of the carpenter,' as he elsewhere says)—that enables me to bear up, and in my present state, during my long, hot, weary rides, I think my thoughts better and clearer than I should with a companion." "It will be seen," Hake remarks, "that Gordon's fatalism was not a belief in Unchanging Destiny independent of a Controlling Cause, but a deep faith in a Controlling Cause which guides the erring and props the weak." "Here are some of the maxims which he has made himself, and by which his spiritual life is governed: 'It is a delightful thing to be a fatalist, not as that

word is generally employed, but to accept that, *when things happen and not before*, God has, for some wise reason, so ordained them to happen —*all* things, not only the great things, but *all* the circumstances of life': that is what is meant to me by the words, 'ye are dead,' in S. Paul to the Colossians." Again: "We have nothing further to do when the scroll of events is unrolled than to accept them as being for the best. *Before it is unrolled*, is another matter: and you could not say I sat still, and let things happen with this belief. All I can say is, that amidst troubles and worries no one can have peace till he thus stays upon his God; it gives a man superhuman strength."

"I gave you," he writes, "'Watson on Contentment;' it is this true exposition of how happiness is to be obtained, *i. e.*, submission to the will of God, whatever that will may be. He who can say he realizes this, has overcome the world and its trials. Everything that happens to-day, good or evil, is settled and fixed, and it is no use fretting over it. The quiet, peaceful life of our Lord was solely due to His submission to God's will. There will be times

when a strain will come on one: and as the strain, so will your strength be."

This is, I may say, the language of all the Saints, of all the Masters of the Spiritual Life. There is nothing they more insist upon than conformity to the will of God in what one calls the "sacrament of the present moment." No trait of Gordon's character or mind seems to me more distinctly saintly than this, as his words quoted above reveal it. Arbitrary predestination to heaven or hell, men rightly feel to be contrary to God's justness and fairness. The predestination of the course and complexion of a man's life, is a different thing. "Every soul," Monseigneur Dupanloup has said, "is a thought of God (*pensée de Dieu*)." Just as it has been said of the Saints, "*Chacun des Saints est un mot d'un discours infini, une note d'une symphonie immense.*" It is the life which makes and trains the man, and which indicates him. The life, therefore, with its details—especially when men consciously put themselves into the hands of God to be led—is the work of God: part of His thought or conception of the man. And it is the undermost

foundation of a calm and peaceful soul that it reposes itself upon the omniscient and omnipotent will of God.

We pass now to a word respecting General Gordon's Eucharistic beliefs. One finds the subject largely drawn out in his "Reflections in Palestine," a book singularly mystic, and above the interest of general readers, or even of the average theologian. In an article in the *Fortnightly Review* of July, 1884, by Mr. W. H. Mallock, one may find his views in larger detail. They are much mingled with his mystic speculations, and the first feeling one has on reading them is that of criticism. One may be guarded against this impulse, however, by the words of Dr. Alexander, the Bishop of Derry, and of Dr. Wordsworth, the late Bishop of Lincoln. The Bishop of Derry writes: "The General is not a professional theologian, but he is something far higher and better, and I dare not criticise one so immeasurably above me, even if I were not intellectually convinced by his arguments. He is an example of faith in the Living God." While General Gordon was in Palestine, Bishop Wordsworth, of Lin-

coln, wrote of him: "I should be greatly obliged to you, if you would express to him my deep interest in his investigations and thoughts. I am glad to know that the very interesting subject (Biblical investigation) has the benefit of an enquirer like General Gordon, who sees divine things and places, not with the natural organ only, but with the eye of faith." It may be remarked just here that this great Bishop had a profound respect for Gordon, and strikingly said of him that he had "the faults of a Saint and the courage of a Hero." The present Archbishop of Canterbury wrote to Mr. Barnes: "My Dear Prebendary: Accept my thanks for your kindness in sending me General Gordon's 'Reflections in Palestine,' and for your kind letter. The former is a wonderful expression of a devout soul with deep resources, and full of faithful life towards God."

And now to discover the General's views themselves. Starting from the statement of S. Paul that "the Prince of the power of the air worketh the children of disobedience in disobedience," he would urge that Satan be

gan to work in man when our first parents disobeyed God by eating the forbidden fruit. "Had Eve never eaten what was forbidden, she never could have been worked in by the spirit of disobedience, Satan." "If the Prince of the power of the air works in the children of disobedience, he must at one time have worked in every one, for all have sinned, and he must have worked at some definite period subsequent to the creation of man; and it is manifest that he did so when Eve disobeyed. Therefore it is thus he worked in her, and he worked in her because she ate of the forbidden fruit." "There is no necessity," Gordon remarks, "to believe that he, Satan, was the fruit, but he was *in* the fruit." "The trees were sacramental trees, mystic trees—natural trees endued for a time with mystic properties." By partaking of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil (which Gordon paraphrases as the tree of learning what is to be known of good and evil), Eve, the mother of us all, was poisoned, as it were—poisoned by evil introduced into her very body; but the eating of a substance which, naturally good

("all the trees were blessed"), was to her endued with evil, inasmuch as it was forbidden to her by God. The fruit she ate was the vehicle of the virus of evil. Gordon opposed to this bodily reception of evil the bodily reception of Him Who is the source and sum of all good. The Blessed Sacrament, in other words, is the antidote of the evil fruit of Eden. "In the first eating the body offered up the soul; in the second eating, the soul offers up the body as a sacrifice. In the first eating, the body ruled; in the second eating, the soul rules."

His whole Eucharistic theory was but the development of these fundamental ideas. Incidentally to the discussion of the fall, Gordon makes one or two striking observations. First, in respect to what is sometimes faulted, viz., the apparently trivial character of Eve's temptation, he remarks: "If examined, was it trivial? Eve was adamant against any desire for honours, carriages, horses, jewels, fine clothes; these things would not tempt her curiosity. But animal desire to eat could do so." Again: "She ate in trust in herself, and in distrust of

God ; she ate after reasoning with herself. She was in union with God and she broke away from her union."

Another observation *apropos* is this : "It is necessary to bear in mind that the cessation of man's communion with God is the cause of man's misery, and that the evil of this world is the result of the absence of God and the presence of Satan. It is not, so to speak, a sentence ; it is the sequel of God's absence. It is dark, because light is absent."

Gordon saw the intimate connection between the Blessed Sacrament and the Resurrection of the body. "'Whosoever eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood, I will raise him up at the last day.' And we feel this : that if we actually participate worthily in His Sacrament, we do, by spiritually eating that bread and drinking that wine, receive His Body into our bodies, and His Blood into our blood, cleansing us wholly ; and is it possible to think that these bodies can ever perish after such an intimate union with the Godhead, as the eating and drinking of His Body and Blood implies ?"

The General's conceptions of the Church and of the Heavenly Life may be interesting just here, before we pass on to the consideration of his devotion to the Indwelling Spirit. Mallock has remarked that Gordon has nowhere laid down the expression of his beliefs as to the Church. As far as they can be gathered, however, his definition of the Church would be this: The Church consists of those baptized persons who, by the act of feeding on the Body of Christ, establish an identity between their flesh and His. Such identity, Gordon would teach us, "is not perfect here and will not be until after the Resurrection, when the bodies of the saved will be in all points like the Body of Christ."

"Meanwhile the souls of the saved are being congregated in Paradise which is above the firmament around the Throne of God. There they are being marshalled in their proper places, so as to build up the Church Triumphant; and when their number is made perfect, their souls will be clothed again with their bodies purified. * * * When the number of the elect is made perfect, a Spiritual

City—that is, a city which is material, but with its material substance purified—will descend to earth from its present position above the firmament, and occupy the spot on which Jerusalem now stands. * * * The sea will disappear into the centre of the earth. * * * Meanwhile the river which once flowed in Eden, but which is now above the firmament, will rain its waters down upon the earth perennially and * * * from it will flow a terrestrial stream which will encircle the earth with a girdle of living waters." (Mallock further states that one of General Gordon's conceptions was that "everything in the Garden of Eden that was of exceptional beauty and that distinguished it from the rest of the world, was raised up bodily after the fall, and still exists near the Throne of God, above the firmament, ready to descend again at the coming of the New Jerusalem. Among the things thus lifted up was the river which originally fed the four streams mentioned in the Book of Genesis.")

And now for his third and remaining great belief, viz., that of the personal indwelling in the baptized, of the Divine Spirit. Gordon was

as devoted to the Holy Ghost and His offices as to our Lord and the Blessed Sacrament. He directly associates His indwelling with Holy Baptism, in respect to which he says: "Believers go into the font as sons of Adam, and emerge as sons of God." He held that Baptism communicates life, as the Eucharist sustains it. Moreover, he believed faith to be the direct effect of the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. "There can be no faith," he says, "where the Holy Ghost is not indwelling;" nor did he believe in any way of becoming holy or like Christ without seeking and nourishing the Holy Ghost's presence in the soul. "As for the sequences," he says, "to deny that they will follow, is to deny the Godhead of the Holy Ghost." "Seek," he says, "the realization of the Holy Ghost's presence in you, and leave the rest." The Holy Ghost is, in a true sense, incarnated in each member of Christ. "Thus," he says "in Revelation we see God the Father; we see God the Son incarnated in Christ Jesus; we see God the Holy Ghost incarnated in the Bride of Christ Jesus." This doctrine of the indwelling of God he insists

upon as a distinguishing feature of Christianity as a religion; no other religion ever taught such a thing. To that indwelling he attributed all fine intuition. Mr. Barnes says: "All spiritual insight, every good, great and truly beautiful thing in human life, Gordon attributed directly to this indwelling, and hence, as he was never tired of reminding himself, the necessity for complete self-abnegation, since God can find in us a fit home only in proportion as our will makes way for the Divine Will."

One other opinion of Gordon's I must, in a word, mention, which has its interest theologically as connected with traducianism and creationism. He believed that as all bodies were in the loins of Adam, so all souls were in his soul, and that "his soul and all other souls were breathed into Adam by God at his creation; in a word, they were all incarnated in Adam, to be developed in due time."

XI.

Conclusion.

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CONCLUSION.

NOW the task I have assigned myself is done—ill done, indeed, but undertaken through a great love of and gratitude to this heroic soul whose career, personality, spirit, and faith I have attempted to portray. I may truly say with Hake, his biographer, that "to have known the story of his life has been an education." We all of us long for men of our own century and era to help us on our way to God for Saints of our own day whom we may follow under the special conditions of our time. To me, this is General Gordon's great claim upon our attention and veneration. He was a *Nineteenth Century Saint*, and not a man of another era whose conditions of life were unlike our own. The author of the "Schönberg-Cotta Family" says of him: "His life has sometimes been considered an anachronism. But

surely no life of sacrifice and self-denying service can ever be an anachronism in the everliving Church of the everliving Christ. From S. Paul, who fought with beasts, to the monk Telemachus, who died beneath the swords of the gladiators in the Colosseum, and dying, stopped forever the gladiatorial games, to S. Francis, Joan of Arc, Livingstone, Gordon, Patteson, the form of service may vary, but the service, its command and the inspiration are the same." "And moreover," she adds, "if we look closer, surely Gordon, like all the true Saints and Heroes, not only rises above his age by virtue of the heavenly birth, but is also steeped in all that is nobly characteristic of his age. Gordon could not, as Telemachus of the Thebaid, and S. Francis of Assisi could, and did, spend half a life in the solitudes of the Thebaid, or found an order. The spirit of mercy, 'the enthusiasm of humanity,' which glows through the scepticism of the nineteenth century, as well as in its faith, burned in him through those solitary months in Palestine, so as to tire his body in a way he seldom complains of when strained to the utmost by thou-

sands of miles of camel-riding over the deserts of the Soudan."

It may be interesting, before closing this sketch, to record the opinion of Gordon expressed by Zebehr Pasha, whose son, Suleiman, the General had found it necessary to put to death. The author of the "Story of Zebehr Pasha" (in *Littell's Living Age* for October 29, 1887), says: "Zebehr himself estimated Gordon as one of those men of whom there are few in every age and nation;—a character (using Zebehr's own words), which is the character we reverence in the Saints of our religion, as no doubt you reverence it in yours; one whom I found by all report and by my knowledge of him to have no fear of those in authority, and to care more for the poor than for the rich. He was a man who could govern the Soudan for that reason, that he cared for the poor. But two things misled him: he imagined that everyone was as good as himself, and acted often rashly, from the heart trusting those who were unworthy; also, he did not speak the language well, and was therefore liable to be both deceived and distrusted." Zebehr further said:

"I count it as a great personal misfortune that he was killed. Had he lived, I should have had a very valuable friend." (This was the Zebehr Pasha whom Gordon, after having acquired a better knowledge of him than he had had at first, desired to have made his successor as Governor-General of the Soudan.)

And now we must leave our hero, the dear and good Pasha, in his far-off grave in Africa and his soul with God. The world will ever see him as he "stood on the broken rampart, a solitary English sentry, refusing to desert those who had trusted in him, and awaiting an army of rescuers which never came." "And there," one writes "he will remain in the memory of the nation, a sublime figure, never to be forgotten; his heroism, fortitude, chivalrous loyalty and Christian faith understood at last." His tomb stands, awaiting his sometime to be recovered body, in great S. Paul's in London, where he will sleep near the dust of Wellington and Nelson. Schools for boys have already been built to commemorate his name, in London and in Egypt. His well-used pocket-Bible, by the command, and by the very

hands of his Queen, has been laid, like the relics of a Saint, in the treasure-house of Windsor Castle, within a casket of crystal and gold, the most precious in the collection of her Majesty.

We ourselves await the day when we shall meet him in his well-earned glory in the Kingdom, and by the side of the dear Christ he loved so well. On his grave Paul Hamilton Hayne has laid the following verses, among others, worthy of their subject and of their author:

* * * * * * * *

"The splendid sum of a hero's years,
Death rounded in dark Khartûm.

"He carried the banner of England high
In the flash of the Orient skies,
And the fervors of antique chivalry
Outflashed from his warrior eyes.

"'Twas a Cœur de Lion's hand once more,
Which the Lion flag led on;
But the soul of the dauntless Hero bore
The chrism of pure S. John.

"O hand of iron! but heart as sweet
As the rose's spring-tide breath,
We dream that its pulses of pity beat
In the very grasp of death.

* * * * * * *

"He was left to die by steel or shot
In the core of the savage lands,
And be thrust away in a desert spot
On the bald Egyptian sands.

"But the reckless at home, and the traitor abroad,
What matters it now to one
Who is resting at last—in the peace of his God,
Beyond the stars and the sun!"

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX A.

GORDON'S PRAYER.

O GOD, "Thou hast moulded me out of the dust, every fibre; therefore Thou knowest every fibre. Thou gavest me Thy own life. Thou didst mould me in Thine exact image and likeness (for none but Thou couldest make me) by Thyself. Thou gavest me free will to be altogether like Thyself.

"I have abased and defiled Thy sacred image. Though I was Thy chief work, yet so low have I debased Thy image, that all creatures turn with horror from me, and I am a horror to myself. Though I had Thy life in me, though by Thy life I exist, though Thou couldest have made myriads with no trouble, yet Thou didst so love *me* that Thou camest in my form, and did so suffer every conceivable injury that I

could commit against Thee. Yet I hindered Thee by every possible cruelty and contempt.

"Thou didst set Thy face as a flint, and bore the imputation and the punishment of every sin I ever committed—sins which, even in my fellow creatures, I abhor and hate. Thou wast so pure as to cause angels to veil their faces before Thee. Yet Thou bore the guilt as entirely Thine—as if Thou hadst done those sins.

"Surely now Thou hast routed Thine enemies, Thou wilt not permit them to trample and scoff at Thee. Remember Thy sufferings, for they were beyond conception. Are those sufferings to go for naught, as they do, if Thou permit these unconquered enemies to prevail against me, Thy own flesh and bone? Thy member?"

APPENDIX B.

GORDON'S MOTTO.

"Be not thou greatly moved."

APPENDIX C.

MEMORABLE SAYINGS OF GORDON.

I.

"The longer one lives, the more one has to feel that our Lord will have no half-measures in our surrender of self."

II.

"A man is religious one day, and the reverse the next; we are often sorry for the *effects* of our sin, more than for the sin; yet we put our sorrow down, as if it was *for our sins*."

III.

"I ask God for the following things: * * *

Not to have anything of the world come between Him and me; and not to fear death, or to feel regret if it came before I had completed what I may think my programme."

IV.

"If you are misjudged, why trouble yourself to put yourself right? You have no idea what a deal of trouble it saves you."

V.

"Is your love repelled, and does the world not care for you? Neither did it for Him. He has graciously taken a lower place than any of his people."

VI.

"The future world has been somehow painted to our minds as a place of continuous praise, and though we may not say it, yet one cannot help feeling that, if thus, it would prove monotonous. It cannot be thus. It must be a life of activity."

VII.

"He prunes us down and sanctifies us for that union (with Himself). He hews and cuts the stones of His temple, casting out the evil in us."

VIII.

"To the black man the same shrouded Being presents Himself, and we do not know how He reveals Himself, and perhaps the black man could not say himself; but it is the same Godhead and has the same attributes, whether known or unknown."

IX.

"I am sure that it is the secret of true happiness to be content with what we actually have."

X.

"I believe when we begin life we are far more capable of accepting these truths than afterward: when we have imbibed man's doctrines, we must unlearn, and then learn again. With a child, he has only to learn."

XI.

"There would be no one so unwelcome to come and reside in this world as our Saviour, while the world is in the state it now is. He would be dead against nearly all our pursuits, and altogether *outré*."

XII.

"Nothing can be more abject and miserable than the usual conception of God."

XIII.

"If I fail, it is His will; if I succeed, it is His work."

XIV.

"Increase of light is clear perception of imperfection. That is why those who are given light care not for things that other people prize. It is not merit on their part."

XV.

"Christ never invited us to His table to hurt us. He invites us to heal us."

XVI.

"Why are people hearses and look like the pictures of misery? It must be from discontent with the government of God, for all things are directed by Him."

XVII.

"If we fence any tree, fence the tree of knowledge of good and evil, for it is still here. Do not let us fence the tree of life. God gives us the way to it in Christ."

XVIII.

"To be free from suffering in the flesh would be impossible for any member of Christ's Body."

XIX.

"The more one lives, the more one learns to act towards people as if they were inanimate objects, viz., to do what you can for them, and to utterly disregard whether they are grateful or not."

XX.

"We throw away the best years of our existence in trying for a time, which will never come, when we shall have enough to content us."

XXI.

"We shall, I think, be far more perfect in the future life, and, indeed, go on *towards* perfection, but never attain it."

XXII.

"The sand is flowing out of the glass day and night, night and day; shake it not. You have a work here to suffer, even as He suffered."

XXIII.

"Want of money is the great sore, and yet it only needs us to lower our flag a little to have enough."

XXIV.

"The cruet-stand expression of countenance ought to be taxed among us."

XXV.

"Nothing Satan likes better than to creep in quietly, not to be detected. * * * The power of Satan is from his insidious friends in us."

XXVI.

"I think our life is one progressive series of finding out Satan. As we grow in grace we are constantly finding out that he is a traitor; he is continually being unmasked."

XXVII.

"I am sure we are starved, spiritually, by our shepherds; I do not know one who feeds his people. It is always the same thing—if you do well, you will be saved; if you do ill, you will be damned. No comfort, for the law tells us that."

XXVIII.

"He has given me the joy of not regarding the honours of this world, and to value my union with Him above all things. May I be humbled to the dust and fail, so that He may glorify Himself."

XXIX.

"We raise our own goblins, and as soon as one is laid, we raise another."

XXX.

"By suffering and trials the veil is rent to man's mind, and he accepts sincerely, to the degree the veil is rent, what he has before accepted by his intellect."

XXXI.

"Interminable deserts and arid mountains fill the heart with far different thoughts than civilized lands would do. It was for this that the Israelites were led through them."

XXXII.

"We can keep a continual telegraphic communion with Him ; that is our strength."

XXXIII.

"Every time the spirit is foiled by the flesh, so often does the veil fall again."

XXXIV.

"Men desire light without the Light of lights. They would take the things of darkness together with light, when the presence of light destroys those things."

XXXV.

"In following the Divine direction you have not to consider difficulties. Keep your eyes on the cloud by day and the pillar by night, and never mind your steps."

XXXVI.

"We are all lepers. Some have their leprosy covered with silk, some with tattered rags. Take off the silk, and take off the rags. There are the lepers. Cover the face and say : 'Unclean, Unclean !' "

XXXVII.

"Imagine what our Lord went through, with the imputations on Him, in the midst of His terrible pain, before the face of the whole universe. Try and realize the catalogue."

XXXVIII.

"I do not care for the praise of the world. If one truly has been given the sense of God indwelling in us, and of our natural depravity, it is quite impossible to relish even the slightest taste of man's praise."

XXXIX.

"Roll your burthen on Him, and He will make straight your mistakes."

XL.

"The best servant I have ever had is myself; he always does what I like."

XLI.

"If you are content with His government, and if you believe that the future world is better than this, there is no cause for any melancholy about it; and the same with every event."

XLII.

"Death is nothing in God's sight, and should

be nothing in ours, if we recognized that our life is only a pilgrimage."

XLIII.

"If things do not go well after the flesh, He still is faithful; He will do all in love and mercy to me."

XLIV.

"Christ, God the Son, assumed human nature to Himself, not for a time, but for *eternity*, never to be put off."

XLV.

"I cannot be removed unless it be God's will; so I rest on a rock, and can be content."

XLVI.

"In all the events of this world there is the harrowing of the ground and plowing, then the seed-time—all painful work—and *then* comes the harvest."

XLVII.

"The future world must be more amusing,

more enticing, more to be desired than this world, putting aside its absence of sorrow and sin."

XLVIII.

"The union in Christ, by the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, is the Alpha and Omega of all life."

XLIX.

"I am trying, in firm belief, if God will not suffice for me in this world without external things. He ought to be able to fill our little cups as he fills all the earth. It is the giving up of all we shrink from."

L.

"Try, oh try, to be no longer a slave to the world; you can have little idea of the comfort of freedom from it—it is bliss!"

LI.

"The highest intellect cannot fathom the depths of either the first sacrament with Satan, or the last sacrament with Christ."

LII.

"When women speak good, how well they speak out! They are, in this point, the salt of the earth."

LIII.

"Here I am, a lump of clay; Thou art the Potter. Mould me as Thou in Thy wisdom wilt. Never mind my cries. Cut my life off—so be it; prolong it—so be it."

LIV.

"You ought never to think of the morrow, except that it shall pass as God wills."

LV.

"The varnish of civilized life is very thin, and only superficial."

LVI.

"The Christianity of the masses is a vapid, tasteless thing of no use to any one."

LVII.

"The heathen religions were permitted;

and it is remarkable in history that men who were guilty of sacrilege were generally overtaken by Divine vengeance, though the religion was false."

LVIII.

"If we believe, we ought to show it, and to acknowledge openly that we agree to God's government."

LIX.

"The whole of religion consists in looking at God as the true Ruler, and looking above the agents he uses; no one can be at rest who regards the latter."

LX.

"He would have us to be His 'friends,' not servants."

LXI.

"We have a lesson to learn that *nothing*, with Him, will suffice our wants, while *everything*, without Him, is a waste and void. When we have learnt that, our course is finished and the race will be over."

LXII.

"One feels that, enticing as evil is, it is not to be compared to the peace one derives from being in accord with Him."

LXIII.

"He does help me, but in so slow a way that I forget it. It is a daily gathering of manna, and only a little every day."

LXIV.

"I want no alliance beyond the Almighty. Act up to your religion, and then you will enjoy it."

LXV.

"The procuring and boiling of potatoes is as much to a poor woman as the reorganization of the Army is to Cardwell."

LXVI.

"We are, as it were, blind; and by degrees He opens our eyes, and enables us by dint of sore trouble to know Him little by little."

LXVII.

"God has explained Himself to us as the Truth, Love, Wisdom and All Might. * * * It matters not in the long run whether we sincerely accept what he states. He is what He says to each of us, and we shall know it eventually."

LXVIII.

"We may be quite certain that Jones cares more for where he is going to dine, or what he has got for dinner, than he does for what Smith has done; so we need not fret ourselves for what the world says."

LXIX.

"There is no doubt but that whosoever *acts* after the true precepts of our Lord will be considered a madman."

LXX.

"Happy, as far as we can see, are those men who swing in small arcs."

LXXI.

"I like to take things in a light-hearted way."

LXXII.

"Life is a very leaden business, and if any one can lighten it so much the better."

LXXIII.

"The yearly milestones quickly slip by; and as our days, so will our strength be."

LXXIV.

"Perhaps before another milestone is reached, the wayfarer may be in that Glorious Home, by the side of the River of Life, where there is no more care, or sorrow, or crying, and rest forever with that kind and well-known Friend."

LXXV.

"I will carry things with a high hand to the last, and whatever the world may say, I will content myself with what God may say."

LXXVI.

"When the inevitable event—death—occurs, then the veil is rent altogether, and no mystery remains."

LXXVII.

"I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me: Write, happy are the dead that die in the Lord, even so saith the spirit, for they rest from their labours—rest from their troubles, rest from works of weariness, from sorrow, tears, from hunger and thirst, and sad sights of poor, despairing bodies, and sighing hearts, who find no peace in their prisons from wars, and strifes, and words, and judgments."

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